

## singlets, keep scrolling

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by [Yikes \(Mr\\_CoralFlower\)](#)

### Summary

dreamnotfound smut in an AU where the dream team shares a body (DID/OSDD)

chapter three is best, i was still figuring out how to do this in the first two

### Notes

bro this is straight up not as good as what i usually post

it was *hard* to write. ive been writing smut for years and i never get shy or feel awkward but for some reason this one embarrassed me lol

so basically for any singlets reading this, "fronting" means youre controlling the body. honestly? i dont really know how to explain the terminology. this smut is weird and youll never experience any scenario like it unless youre a system. this is for me, my alters, and maybe a few of our system friends idk

so yeah this was so hard to write and i kind of never want to do it again

however, if even ONE system comments saying they liked this ill try and write more fic with this premise in the future

cus the whole reason i wrote this in the first place is cus 2 of my alters were like "dude it sucks how no one ever writes smut between alters in the same system" and i was like

"damn bro ur right"

ill confess i hated writing this. i rushed the ending because i didnt want to be writing it anymore. idk if its just Too Close To Home or what :/

but i want to write more like this cus i think the world needs it so just encourage me and ill give it a second try. i feel like im relearning how to write smut all over again

# Chapter 1

They get a moment to themselves eventually, in their room. Sapnap leaves them with an eyeroll as he pulls away from front.

*Unfair how I've been a third wheel my whole life*, he says as he goes, but Dream knows he's not being that serious; sharing a body with someone else for years tends to give you that kind of skill at reading each other.

*Okay*, Dream says to George. *Finally, I can't believe this took so--*

*Are you gonna get us ready?* George interrupts.

Dream swallows, and nods, shimmying out of his jeans as heat begins to curl low in his stomach. Usually George preps.

*What's the plan?*

George bites their lip, and Dream swallows again. There's something about fronting together this way, about fading slightly in and out and witnessing how George operates the body-- it's so intimate.

*I was thinking you should touch yourself for me*, George says, and Dream lets out a sigh of pleasure as he wraps his hand around himself. George shifts further into control for a moment to swipe their thumb around the head, and it's not even the sensation that makes Dream duck his head and shudder. It's the reminder that George can do that if he wants, that he can just take over and set the pace if he likes.

*That's right*, George says, apparently getting some of what he's thinking. *You're mine, Dream, yeah?*

Dream bites his lip, turning over onto his side.

*Yes, it feels good. I love you.*

*You're so sweet*, George says. With their free hand, he traces a finger lightly over their lips, and Dream parts them, losing his mind over the way it feels to share his thoughts with George right now. It's cozy-safe. Here, he can be soft. Here, he can want anything without it being weird.

He's getting close already. Makes sense, since it's been a while. It's getting harder to stay quiet.

George reaches up with the free hand to grasp their hair and pull, and that shoves Dream all the way up against the edge.

*Please*, he says. *Yours, I'm yours, George. I'm close.*

"You want to spill for me, don't you," George murmurs out loud, tilting his head towards the pillow to muffle it slightly. "You want to come, Dream?"

Dream nods frantically, because there's not much else he can do, and he realises with a jolt that George took over touching him a while ago. There's a little twist George does that Dream can never figure out the rhythm of, and it's so fucking delicious.

"Please," Dream whispers, shy even though there's no one else around to hear. George tightens

their grip and then chuckles when Dream starts bucking their hips.

"Then come," George says, still out loud, and Dream screws his eyes shut as they come together. George is basking in it, projecting a feeling of safeness that makes Dream feel weak, and it feels so good.

It feels *so good*.

"I love you," Dream says, and he feels that George is suddenly shy. George ducks their head and says,

"I love you too."

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Notes

here's some more

yall i just checked the tag for this ship and wow yall are popping OFF. i remember when my george pov fic was the 5th fic in the whole tag

anyway this chapter is different. its second person pov alternating but i dont tell you when the pov changes oop

thats cus like... with systems, its always accurate to address us as "you" lol

so the pov is alternating, i just dont make a big deal out of it

pls tell me if its confusing. im still experimenting to find my fave way to write this kind of thing. its so hard to represent honestly. i got less embarrassed this time while i wrote it tho, so thats progress!!

Times like these, everything blurs together. It's easy to tell who's who when you're all thinking clearly and everything makes sense, but right now?

Right now you have a hand between your legs to grip the base of the prostate massager one of you ordered. Because it's inside you, and it's buzzing, and it feels *so good*.

Slowly, you realise you're George, and the vibe is on the third setting, when you specifically told Dream to stay on the lowest. You heave a sigh and turn it back down, and suddenly--

Oh, but you didn't *mean* to disobey, you just, it felt so good, you wanted more, and George should just let you come already because it feels so nice--

"Oh yeah, Dream?" you whisper, raspy. "You think you've earned it?"

Your hips give a frantic little wiggle, because you need more and George is being so mean.

"Please," you whisper, and your thumb moves to the button to press it once (and it felt like it moved on its own, which means it was George), *yes*, and your pleasure is strong enough to drown in. It just feels so good, and you're glad you can do this for each other, it's just nice to exist right now. "Touch? George, touch me, us? Please?"

Oh, *good* boy.

"Yes, Dream," you murmur. "I've got you. Just hang on."

You cling to the sheets as George moves your other hand to stroke your cock, and then you barely last another second before you're coming together.

The only times you wish for anything different come afterwards, when the crushing loneliness of being unable to cuddle slips down to grasp you in its claws. You hug a pillow and mumble to each

other to fight it off.

"I love you, I'm so glad to be with you."

*I love you too, Dream.*

## Chapter 3

### Chapter Notes

okay!! wowzers bowzers yall i have rly hit my stride with this one!!! i think ive gotten the hang of writing system smut.

this chapter is set before the other two, before dream and george's relationship had really developed. youd think that being able to communicate telepathically would make relationships easier but in my system's case it often makes things harder because we literally cannot filter what we say to each other. if two people are in front together, they both hear every single one of the other's thoughts.

not all systems are like this. i have osdd-1b which i am not going to explain because i am running on less sleep than i shouldve gotten and this note is already too long. just enjoy

oh yeah. hey singlets!! not all systems carry out conversations out loud! this is not universal representation and if you wanna write something do your own research and dont use my fic as a shortcut. thanks!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

They weren't always smooth with each other. It was hard at first, when they realised they were a system and Dream and George were fumbling through realising they wanted each other like that.

It was really hard. Dream knew what he wanted, but he didn't have the confidence to let himself have it. And George was used to just jerking off. Neither of them had ever had to communicate before, but both of them just expected it to go well.

Funny, how they both had the same dynamic in mind, but when they tried to make it happen, it just never worked.

Dream wanted to act up, and be put back in his place, and George tried, he really did, but Dream just never gave in. Dream always got too competitive when he expected someone to make him be good, and stopped treating it like sex. Every time George told him to be good and he refused, he just wanted to win after that.

It was a little stupid.

"Dream, this isn't working," George murmurs, and Dream steals front enough to heave a sigh.

"This is just us arguing, this is stupid. You have to actually give in at some point for this to work."

"Well maybe you're just a shitty dom, George, did you consider that?"

George scoffs, a little offended.

"Seriously, Dream. Tell me--"

"You're treating me like-- like you can just-- fuck this, honestly, fuck you, I didn't even want to do this--"

Dream is lying. George knows this, because he felt Dream wanting it as soon as they started.

George takes a deep breath, and Dream quiets.

"Dream," he sighs. "I think you need to just... just be good. For me."

They're getting pretty good at sliding out of front enough to let the other respond. It gets easier every time.

Dream swallows.

"No, that's stupid," he says. *I'm not going to just hand it to you, I can't just give in.*

"Remember the first time we did this?" George says wistfully, and the memory is a pulse of warmth in their stomach. Dream's breath catches as George gives him room to respond.

"Yeah, that was pretty good. Why isn't it working now?"

*You didn't fight me then,* George says. *I mean, you fought a little bit, but not like this time. Back then you decided you wanted to get railed, came to me, and did everything you thought would feel good.*

The conflict of the choice churns in Dream's head.

"And besides," George says. "You want to be good for me. This thing where I make you do it is just to satisfy your pride. You could have what you want at any time if you just--"

"I'm not going to just--!"

*I'm asking nicely,* George interjects. *Please, Dream. Do this for yourself. Be a good boy so you can feel good.*

The body shivers as Dream licks his lips, hips shifting.

"George," he whispers.

*Won't you be good for us, Dream? For both of us. This is for you. I want you to get what you want, and I want to make you feel good.*

Dream turns onto their side so he can hide his face in the pillow.

*It's hard,* he says. *You don't get it, George, it's just so hard, I can't.*

A pause as George gathers his thoughts.

*Don't you want to try, though? I can tell how badly you want this, and I really want to give it to you. Please help me make you feel good. Let yourself have this.*

Dream swallows hard and lifts his face out of the pillow.

"Okay," he whispers. "I can try. I'll try, George."

*Good boy,* George says, and Dream gasps.

He likes that. That's good, that feels really nice.

He wants *more* of it, but he doesn't know if he can stomach earning it.



*You already have, Dream, George says, interrupting Dream's worries. You deserve to feel good, that's all I need you to do right now.*

Dream squirms. That's too easy. There's no way that's all there is to it.

George feels smirky to Dream when he responds.

*I mean, I'll certainly have orders for you later, but let's start with something a slut like you will actually be able to do, hm?*

Dream gasps, hips bucking into empty air. George is already backing off to say,

*How did that feel, was it alright?*

"Good," Dream says. "Are you gonna make me ask to touch?"

Dream takes a moment to notice the smirk George is putting on their face, and the way their left hand is sliding down their body teasingly.

*You have my permission to go ahead for now, George says wryly, and Dream bites his lip, reaching-- This isn't a speedrun, idiot. Slow down.*

Dream glares at the ceiling and opens his mouth to say something bratty.

George cuts him off.

*I promise I'll make you feel good if you can be patient for me.*

And Dream remembers that this stops working when he fights too hard. He remembers that the best way to get what he wants is to--

To submit. To do as George instructs him. It makes him shut his eyes and grab the sheets.

"I really wanna touch myself, George," he says.

*Just sit tight, sweet thing, I take care of my toys--*

"I'm not yours," Dream hisses, protesting automatically. "What the fuck is wrong--"

"Okay," George says easily, pulling Dream's problem out from under him. "You don't have to be mine, I'll take care of you anyway."

"I don't need anyone to take care of me--"

"That's a euphemism, I mean I'm going to make you come, Dream. I'll make you feel so good."

George is touching their stomach, tracing idle circles. Dream shudders.

*Okay, he says. I want that. Please.*

That pulls George all the way into front, and he takes the opportunity to tuck their right arm behind their back, trapping it.

*Leave that there, he says, and Dream's mental scoff is very loud. Dream, please be good for me. This is all for you.*

George pulls back from front, giving Dream more space to think about it, and Dream finds himself

letting his eyes slide shut, lips parting. There's something kind of hot about his arm being trapped that way. He could take it out at any moment, but George has asked him not to, so the only thing keeping it there is his own obedience.

Tied up in his own submission. Dream's breath catches.

"Okay," he murmurs breathily. *Okay, I'll be good for you, George.*

*You're doing so well, George says. Tell me when I do something you like, okay?*

*I like when you tell me I'm good, Dream says immediately. It feels... it makes me feel better about doing this. Even though it's scary and weird and I feel kind of like I'm weak.*

*Good boy, George says. And speak up if I do something you don't like. I'm not going to be fully in control yet, I think that would be irresponsible. We have to figure this out together. Do you want me to help you feel less weak, or is that part of the appeal for you?*

Dream bites his lip as their free hand teases up their hip (courtesy of George), and he shrugs.

"Can you..." *try making me feel weaker and see if I like it? Because I think that I might.*

Confusion from George.

*How...*

Their face heats up as Dream chews harder on their lip.

*When you called me a slut earlier I think that did it,* he admits. George catches an impression of haze in their mind, like Dream is remembering how it made him feel.

*You want to be a slut for me, Dream? Do you want to be my slut?*

There's less hesitation than before as Dream replies,

*Yes.*

*Then ask for it,* George says. Dream feels his brain shorting out.

*What? No, I-- no.*

*Alright. I'm not going to make you.*

There's an implied *yet* there that would make Dream flip out if not for the fact that he can feel George paying much closer attention as he says it. He doesn't have to throw a fit about it to make George listen, he can just say *never* and make it never happen-- except, well-- maybe he wants that. He bites his lip a little too hard and mentally changes the subject.

*I mean-- are you going to let me if I don't ask?*

Dream feels George's smirk tugging at the corner of their lips, and his stomach swoops the same way it does when they look down from a high place.

*No.*

*Then that's basically making me.*

*I can feel that you want it, Dream. Will you ask for it for me? I want to see you go after what you want.*

Dream shudders. There's an excited tension in his abdomen because he can feel that this is working, but that doesn't stop the strange discomfort of humiliation from making him hesitate.

*I-- George, can I--* He sighs, and shakes his head.

*You're doing well, Dream. That was a good try. I don't expect you to get this perfectly the first time.*

George strokes one finger slowly up their cock as he reassures Dream, and their toes curl. Dream hears himself groan out loud, low and throaty. He's so tired of this teasing, and he doesn't just want to be good, he wants to be good *enough*.

*George... George, can I be your--* He cuts himself off again, swallowing a mouthful of saliva. He wishes George would just take pity on him, because he already feels so small and stupid, like he's been shrunk down to fit in the palm of George's hand or his pocket.

*Very good, Dream,* George says, wrapping his hand around their cock. The sudden warmth makes Dream's head tip back, makes him buck their hips. George traces back and forth with his thumb across the head, and that makes a helpless sort of anger well up in Dream's throat.

*Please,* he says, making a frustrated sound as he says it. *Please just let me be your slut, George, I'm tired of being teased, I just want--*

Their hand leaves, and Dream's breath catches as his lungs feel suddenly empty, but George is just reaching over to their nightstand for lotion. It comes back, and Dream shoves George out of front to halt it before it can touch them.

*Cold,* he says, frantically trying to explain why he's just done that. *Um, please warm it up?*

George is giving off a distinct impression of smug amusement.

*Sure thing, good job asking nicely.*

Dream's cheeks burn as George rubs his fingers across his palm repetitively, warming the lotion up with friction. He didn't even intend to say please. It wasn't something he calculated, to get what he wanted. It was just... He just did it because it naturally occurred to him, because George has somehow managed to trick him into feeling weak and submissive and needy without putting up a real fight about it.

And it wasn't even a trick, either. Dream knew what he was doing, and he chose this. Nobody made him do it, he did it himself, because he likes to feel this way, because he wants to be good for George and be told what to do. Dream squeezes his eyes shut, overwhelmed by everything he's just admitted to himself, and George gives him a moment to breathe before he says,

*Ready?*

Their breath is a little more shallow than usual, quickened by eagerness.

*Yes please,* Dream says, and there he goes again saying please without even thinking about it.

*I like it,* George says, starting slow with a firm stroke that fucks up the rhythm of their breath. *When you ask nicely. It's cute.*

*Please more, Dream says, squeezing his eyes shut. Faster?*

George smirks, and picks up the pace just a little bit, hardly enough to make any difference.

*George, please. Please.*

*What are you, Dream?*

Their breath catches. Dream's head is spinning. George is touching them, but it isn't enough. And Dream can feel the implied deal like a tangible collar around his neck. Like George is saying, *tell me you're mine and i'll give you what you want*.

And maybe Dream really is weak, because he doesn't even want to resist, even though he feels like he should, even though he's embarrassed just by the thought of giving in.

*Yours, George. I'm your slut.*

The smirk on their face grows, and George keeps the same steady pace. Apprehension blossoms somewhere within Dream's ribcage like an onion growing stems in the back of a cabinet.

*Out loud, Dream.*

Dream breathes in sharply. He opens his eyes, but it's hard to make them focus.

*How do I know you'll even be any good if I do it?* Dream challenges, because the impulse to take back some control has been strengthened by his anticipatory embarrassment.

And George speeds up. Three magical strokes, where George does something that feels much better than the way Dream does it, and Dream's very blood is singing with it, buzzing like the floor in a concert hall. The return to the slower pace is crushing.

*Oh.*

*Say it out loud for me.*

Dream breathes in shakily.

*I don't think I can.*

*Try.*

He opens his mouth, and nothing comes out.

*One word at a time, Dream. Start with my name.*

Okay. Dream screws his eyes shut. He can do this.

"George," he murmurs, and the knowledge of what he's going to say next wells up in his throat like blood or vomit.

*Good. What next?*

"I'm..."

Dream swallows, opening his eyes again to stare up at the ceiling.

*You're doing wonderfully, Dream, so good for me. Just a few more words, and you get everything*

*you want.*

Dream whimpers, turning his head to the side and arching his back. It's so hard to think straight, but maybe that's the point. Maybe he isn't supposed to.

"Your--" it's impossible, George is asking for something he can't give, he can't make himself say it, he doesn't know how to be that vulnerable.

*Be good for me, Dream,* George reminds him, and Dream starts to pull his right arm out from under their back to cover his face with before he remembers.

Oh. He's kept it there for a while now without even thinking about it. Just because George told him to. Just because he wanted to be good. Just because his first instinct at the moment is always to obey.

Just because he's a slut. His face burns red, and not only his face, Dream can feel the blush spreading down his neck and out to his ears as well.

And since it's true, he might as well say it. May as well say--

Oh wow, this is hard.

"Your-- your slut."

Dream's voice fades to a whisper by the last word, but it seems to be enough for George, because he immediately speeds up, throwing Dream into ecstasy.

"Good boy," George murmurs, and Dream can feel that he's embarrassed too, that it's just as hard for him to say these things out loud right now, but-- but this is a reward. A prize for Dream, because he earned it. And that feels so good. It feels amazing to hear it out loud.

*Please,* he says.

"So-- ah, fuck-- so good for me, Dream, my sweet little slut, my good boy."

They're close. Dream bites down on his lip and snarkily says,

*You gonna make me beg you to come too?*

George shakes their head, and Dream breathes a sigh of desperate relief.

"No, you earned this," George says. Pride. That's what Dream is feeling, that's the warmth spreading through his body. "I can't just make you beg for what you already deserve. You deserve to feel good, you deserve to come. And we're close. Whenever you're ready, Dream. Take us there."

It's that twist, it's the way George moves their wrist while he's jerking them, it's the fluidity of his movement and the firmness of his grip. It's perfect, and Dream can't feel anything but glad he did this, glad he took this risk.

"Thank you, George," he says, blinking. There's a tear in his eye, and as he lays there, letting George take care of touching them, just along for the ride, more tears well up in his eyes. Not enough to slide down his face, but enough that he's aware of it.

*Oh, Dream,* George says, and Dream moans, shaking his head.

"No, no, it's good, I feel good, I'm not sad or anything, I just-- I feel really good. Please keep going."

George nods, and Dream shuts his eyes, focusing back on the way it feels, on the weight of his body on his right arm, on the immensity of the care he feels from George in front with him. It's overwhelming. He gasps, thoughts unravelling until it's just the movement of their hand, up, twist, down; up, twist, down. His back arches. His toes curl.

*I'm glad you're the one I'm doing this with.*

And neither of them know who said it, but they both find that they mean it as they come, cock twitching in their hand. Dream cries out, and at the same time, George tries to groan, so what comes out is a strangled mix of both. They don't care.

*So perfect for me,* George says fervently.

Dream is just breathing now, trying to come to terms with everything that just happened.

He doesn't know how to feel.

*How are you feeling?* George asks. Dream shrugs.

*That was really, really good. I don't think I've ever felt that good coming before.*

*Anything you'd change in the future?*

Dream bites his lip.

*Well, it... it took a while to feel good. I think I'll still need you to ask me to do what you stay.*

*Sure,* George agrees. *Anything else?*

*And wait longer to call me yours. I don't think that's something I can be ready for until a while into it.*

*Will do.*

*What about you? Was-- was I good, would you change anything?*

*You were so good, Dream, don't even worry about it,* George assures him, *though I think next time we should have a towel ready for afterward.*

Dream snorts.

*There's tissues on the desk.*

*We also need a better way for you to distinguish between genuinely not being okay with something and just being nervous about it.*

George isn't making any move to get the tissues, so Dream sits up and scoots down the bed to grab them off the desk.

*What, like a safeword?*

Dream pulls back from front because George's impulse to do this for him, to wipe them off, is pretty strong.

*Yeah, something like that. I know we can communicate more directly than regular people, but I think that having a way to specify will make us more aware of what we're feeling and what we want. So I think it's a good idea anyway.*

Dream nods, because that makes sense to him.

*What should the safeword be?*

George shrugs.

*Fuck if I know, he says. We'll figure it out later. For now, wanna just watch YouTube?*

*Hell yes, Dream says, settling back down against the pillows and reaching for their phone.*

*Is it safe to come out yet?*

*Hi Sapnap, George says.*

*Hi idiots, Sapnap says. Have fun?*

*Yup, Dream says.*

*Gross, Sapnap comments, and Dream rolls his eyes, mentally shoving him as George giggles.*

*He's living with a pair of idiots.*

*But sometimes, he doesn't even mind.*

## Chapter End Notes

comment lol

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